The Wendigo's Bride

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/26117845.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warnings:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence, Rape/Non-Con
Categories:	M/M, Other
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham/Wendigo, Will Graham & Beverly Katz, background Alana Bloom/Margot Verger
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Jack Crawford, Alana Bloom, Lady Murasaki (Hannibal Rising), Wendigo (Hannibal), The Stag (Hannibal), Beverly Katz, Margot Verger
Additional Tags:	Familiars, Alternate Universe - Dark, Alternate Universe - Modern with Magic, Rape/Non-con Elements, Teenagers, The uh-oh stuff is in chapter 1, Wendigo, the stag - Freeform, Dual Narrative, Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Implied/Referenced Rape/Non-con, Implied Mpreg, Magic, Blood and Gore, Omega Will Graham, Alpha Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Beverly Katz Friendship, beta beverly katz, Stalking, Predator/Prey, Hannibal's twisted ethics, Angst, Will goes through shit, Jack Crawford is not a good man, Hannibal Lecter is a Cannibal, Quote: Eat The Rude (Hannibal), Drunk Sex, Knotting, Discussion of Abortion, Canon-Typical Violence, Mating Cycles/In Heat
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2020-08-26 Updated: 2020-08-31 Words: 16,294 Chapters: 3/?

The Wendigo's Bride

by Speckeh

Summary

In a world of magic and Familiars, Will Graham comes across the most dangerous one: The Wendigo. Marked forever as its bride, he tries to run from the dark fate he never wanted. His life was supposed to follow his father's: live by water and fish, be a good omega, and by all means, stay away from the dark.

Notes

TW: The prologue contains sexual assault on a minor by the Wendigo. This is the only chapter where a minor will be assaulted.

Prologue: The Nightmare of All Dreams

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will Graham

Will Graham can hardly remember the night his familiar appeared. He had been told by his father that it comes when the waters calm and your eyes are closed, listening to the soft sounds of the waves lapping against the boat as you wait for the first signs of a nibble. It has that magic spark, the fast excitement as you struggle and reel it in, and the triumph of pulling your catch into the boat. That's how his dad received his familiar as a jack russell. It was a funny little thing, driving his mother mad with the mischief she would cause, but it curled up on the end of their bed at night, snoozing and oozing protection.

Will had dreamed what his familiar would be, as often a child of magic did. Perhaps a small dog like his father or a large grizzly bear like his grandmother. Either one would have been just fine, he just had to wait for the nibble, like he was trained to.

The night his familiar appeared still causes him to be sick to his stomach. He could only remember the sensations. It felt cold, slick, like an oil spill on a beach. He could barely breathe and his core was unbearably hot. He clawed at the beast's wrist, feeling pointed fingers that were too human but inhuman in the same breath. It growled in his ear, an uncomfortable weight between his legs and the creak of the bed. **"W I L L…"** the raspy voice sent revulsion down his spine. He barely opened his eyes, catching a glimpse of red eyes and antlers that scratched up the wall.

Something was burning inside him. He convulsed, itching deep inside, like a fire consuming his core and through his chest until it threatened to burst from his throat. Just before the beast on top of him could devour him whole, a sharp snort came from the corner in the room, scraping hooves, and the bellow of a forest creature. It charged forward and speared the creature with its own thorns, grunting, thrashing, until the creature dropped. The predator crawled on its hands and knees, onto the wall and up the ceiling as the stag chased it out the window and into the night. Will felt tears drip from his cheeks and the stag took careful steps, kneeling on the floor and resting his large head on him. The weight was of comfort and Will felt some of the fire disappear.

When he woke up and came down the stairs, his parents were horrified. "No, no this can't be!"
"What did you do Will? What the hell did you do?" His father's fury caught Will off guard. He didn't know what they were going on about. He had chalked up last night to be a mere nightmare. All he knew was that his familiar had arrived and stuck close to his side.
"Dad, I- It appeared when I had a bad dream. Something attacked me in my dreams and it appeared to help me. You said if I waited patiently-" Will could feel anxiety and panic circle in his chest. His mother collapsed on the sofa, couldn't even look at him.
"You shouldn't be proud of that creature!" Mr. Graham's voice reached another octave of

anger and Will flinched, “Get that monster out of here. It will bring only death where you go. Leave before-”

The stag suddenly charged at Will’s father, stomping its hooves, threatening to gorge him with his antlers. The only quick thinking that saved his father was the little jack russell who jumped in front of him and barked her head off. The stag and her stared off, both huffing and puffing, waiting for either command or the other to make the first move.
His father’s eyes bore into his, and suddenly instead of the bright love he had seen as a child, there was a cold hearted disgust. “You’ve been marked as the Wendigo’s Bride. That familiar of yours will only protect you for so long. It’s already warped by the unnatural ink blackness of it. The wendigo has had a taste of you. It’ll chase you down until its master has met you. It will stop at nothing until its claimed you. Kill anything or anyone in its path.”

Will felt like he couldn’t breathe again, the sharpness in his left side alarming him and the stag reacted, returning to his side and affectionately nudging his shoulder. “You’ll be out of this house by the evening, you are no longer our son.” Mr. Graham snarled, turning and grabbing his wife’s wrist. They disappeared into the garage, the door slamming. Will felt numb. His panic took over and nothing felt real except for the heat of the stag’s breath puffing into his ear.

The anxiety consumed him and everything went hazy and dark. He had a sense of people swarming into the house, packing up his things and leading him into a van. He looked back but his parents didn’t see him out the door. “You’ll be alright.” The tall black man smiled, as Will buckled himself in. “I’m Jack Crawford. But you can call me Jack. You have a powerful gift there Will, you’ll be in good hands with us.” Will forced a smile, staring at his hands as Mr. Crawford closed the door and sat in the front seat. The engine clicked once before rumbling on, they left behind his old life. Here he was, 15 and leaving in the middle of the school year yet again, only now some desperate and lethal creature was after him. He closed his eyes, trying to rest, but all he could see were the red eyes and long antlers above him. Could feel the creature enter him, grunting, groaning above him. His father was right, it had marked him deep within, and it showed. He was claimed.

He didn’t wake for a long while. At least, not truly. The confusion set in as he came to reality, laying in a hospital bed. Something felt wrong, empty inside of him. His eyes were blurry as he tried to understand the hospital band on his wrist. He felt bloated, sore, unsure that any of this was real. He stumbled out of the bed, ripping out his IV and he felt the heaviness of his body. Will’s hands trembled at his round form, what had happened to him? He hadn’t had his heat yet, but here he stood in a figure that was clearly pregnant, or had been. As he took his first steps, the walls seemed to move in and the floors went vertical. Voices were surrounding him, unsure if they came from behind or the front, if they were speaking through glass or normal. He followed the murmurings in the hallway and opened the door. He saw only three figures of color. One was a large, fiery red, holding something pink and small. It handed it to the yellow figure who cradled the ping blob close, rocking it gently and holding it like it was the most precious thing in the world. The third figure beside him was strange, pitch black that would consume you with a single touch. It reached out and touched the pink blob and already it started to merge, swirling and settled in the core. Will wanted to throw up. He was dizzy, confused, unsure of what was happening.

“Sir, please get back into your bed!” A blob stood in front of Will, grabbing hold of him and shoving him back into the vertical room. The other figures of color turned to look, but before Will could do much anything else, he lost all of his stomach contents on the floor. “Jesus Christ!” The blob sighed in aggravation, calling for someone to come clean this up. It held onto his shoulders and the world suddenly went black. He fell down a long endless tunnel, the void consuming him. Though this time, it felt quiet and safe. Nothing hid in the shadows, waiting for the right time to attack.

He drifted for a long time. Floating in the sea of darkness. He didn’t want to leave. If it weren’t for the small white light that suddenly appeared, Will would have lost all sense of himself. Something was calling, and the closer he drew to the opening, the louder the voice became.
“...ll…..will….. Will!”
His name snapped him out of the strange blackness he had been. He rubbed his eyes, looking around and seeing a comforting office that looked like a private school’s counselor. “Will, can you tell me where you are?” She leaned forward, giving him a little smile.
“I-I don’t know where I am.” He felt fidgety. Where was the stag? The last thing he remembered was being given away, a man named Jack, and something… something so fuzzy. What was it? A hospital? What was important about it…

“Will, I know it might seem scary, but I’m Dr. Alana Bloom. We met last year. You’re in a private school for kids like you. Those with extraordinary powers and familiars. What do you remember last seeing?”
His head spun, feeling sick as the thought of an entire year went by without him knowing it. He placed a hand on his stomach, it was flat like it should be. Was it all just a nightmare? “I don’t remember much. The van, my parents being distressed. Something about being a bride of a creature.” He looked up at Alana, fear in his eyes, “Has it really been a year?”

Alana gave him a sad smile, but there was something hidden. Something she wanted to tell him but she couldn’t. “You disassociated. Anyone would after your parents abandoned you. You’ve done relatively well in school, you don’t really have friends, but you’ve talked to me. Though, you do sound more relaxed and less in a trance like you’ve been since when I first met you.” She reached out and touched Will’s wrist, but he flinched, nearly pulling away but she wrapped her hand around him. Her bright red nails a contrast against his pale skin.
“You’re going to alright Will. You’ll be in good hands here.”
Will nodded, “Well.. it sounds like much hasn’t changed even before my parents gave me away.”
“Yes, it said in your records you have a hard time making friends.” Alana let go and Will felt lost. He wanted to crawl into her lap and surround himself in her scent. She felt calm and protective, something he hadn’t had in so long. He remained quiet as she tapped her pen on her leg, “Perhaps, I can be your friend here, Will.”

He lifted his head, couldn’t resist the sparkle in his eye as well as the confusion washes over him. “Isn’t that unethical. With you being my counselor and all.”
She shrugged, “I suppose so. But, I’m here to be a companion to the students as well. It’s not entirely out of my realm of work.” She stuck out her hand with a wide grin, “Alana Bloom. Nice to meet you.”

Will was hesitant, but reached out, shaking her hand gently, “Will Graham.” “It’s nice to meet the real you, Will.”

Hannibal Lecter

The dark creature arrived after Mischa’s death and her rebirth. He knew it was always supposed to be his. When he prepared Mischa’s remains to honor her and served her to his Aunt; the creature arose like dust particles from the floor, having always waited in the shadows until this very moment. Murasaki smiled at Hannibal, praising his familiar. “Be careful with the darker side of our magic, Hannibal.” She rose, the sharp red of her kimono shifting elegantly, almost like a blood waterfall with koi struggling up stream. “He will take care of you, as long as you take care of him and his needs. Prepare yourself, this won’t be the last meal you create.” She left the room and the creature waited.

It craned its head, turning to the left to look at Hannibal. The long, protruding antlers and his sharp claws were impressive. Hannibal stood and approached the creature who stood at full height. It towered over Hannibal, though he still had some years to grow at 18. He carefully but confidently stretched his hand out, and the familiar returned the action, their palms pressed together. “Fascinating.” Hannibal commented, a sharp grin on his own face. “We shall have an interesting life, you and I.”

For the next few months, it hung in the shadows, observing. It stood in the corners, unmoving while Hannibal studied in the library. He flipped through books, curious as to the origins of his creature. It was a fine balance between beast and man, much like himself. It slipped out at night when not needed, no doubt feasting or finding a mate, and always returning at dawn. He stumbled upon the name in an old book on Algonquain lore. There the creature was drawn before him, though more bestial than the one shadowing him. Perhaps his familiar was supposed to be an elk, a moose, and when he ate Mischa’s flesh, it transformed. He transformed.

His aunt continued to teach him the fine arts of fighting and cooking, even art when she was in the mood. Hannibal learned well under her, and with her encouragement, he and the wendigo grew up side-by-side. As one became stronger, so did the other. Soon Hannibal could distinguish between healthy and rotted flesh from a mere scent, no doubt from the gifts he was developing and enhancement of his familiar. The wendigo could sense from miles, a heat source and potential food. It was a fine match, more like companions rather than a traditional master-servant relationship.
Hannibal knew it was leaving two weeks before it disappeared. He could feel it in his bones, the urges it had. It wanted something more: a home, a mate, a family to protect. The Wendigo was a creature made from hellish events, but the human nature it seemed to cling on to was in need of a continuation. One could not easily compel strangers to eat flesh, but an offspring would not know any better, would crave and hunt like it did: Like Hannibal did.

At night as the wendigo traveled, Hannibal went with him in his dreams. Across the ocean with cargo, eating rats and pests, struggling to not kill the crew, and traveling at its inhumane pace across highways and through forests. It stood in the middle of a field, staring at a cabin house with only the living room light on. Its nostrils flared, grinning, and approached its prey. It slithered up the walls and slid open the unlocked window. The teenager was asleep, pretty,

fragile looking. For a moment it contemplated killing the boy, but it stopped, sniffing at its dark curls and a low, eerie purr left its throat. This was his beloved, his wife, and mother of its brood.

Sharp nails like knives sliced through clothes and bore the bottom half to him. He didn't care for the other's pleasure, merely sinking into the heat of the boy's body. Clicking noises came from his throat, pleased at the tight passage. He thrusts without warning, nails scraping along the headboard and walls. His gaze spreads across the room, landing on a strange inscription it couldn't understand. He could feel the vibrations of an orgasm beginning to spiral, knowing the black sticky seed of his would implant itself deep within this sweet omega. His fingers reached down and cut into the soft flesh, biting his own skin until he tasted blood and dropped it to mix with the boy below him. Black mixed with a deep crimson red, slipping inside the careful incision before leaning down and licking it. The wound sealed, replaced with a white scar.

Hannibal felt he couldn't move, couldn't speak. He was drowning as he stared through the wendigo's eyes. Felt its joy as it took from its unconscious mate, his own horror at taking something without consent. This is where he and the creature were different. It was breaking Hannibal's code of ethics and morality. He clawed at the blankets, struggling to take his conscience back. He saw the name of the wendigo's victim, he tried to call out to him, perhaps wake him and allow him a chance to fight back, "Will… Will.." He managed to struggle in deep groans. It came out distorted, changed, **"W I L L.."** The creature was pleased, leaning down to rumble in the teenager's ear, cumming with more clicking noises from deep within its chest.

Hannibal felt the creature withdraw from the pliant body. His hands were about to grasp the small waist and bring him back to Lithuania, but something charged. Hannibal felt it pierce his and the wendigo's skin, screaming out in pain. The word was melting in heat, a beautiful black stag charging again. Hannibal couldn't tell where he began and the creature ended, frightened of dying with it. Hannibal woke with the shock of cold water. His aunt stood next to him, a bucket in her hand, a wild look in her eyes he had not seen in so long: fear. "I told you to be careful."
She reached out and grabbed Hannibal's hand, yanking him out of bed, hurrying down the dark corridors to the safety of her own study. Hannibal was rarely allowed in, and if he was it was usually under punishment or dark conversations; like when Mischa was murdered and Hannibal was tasked with bringing the man back. He still sat in the cellar, with only the bare minimum to keep him alive.

The door closed and was locked, every light flicked on so no shadows could form in the corners. No where for that monster to appear. Hannibal tried to keep the water from dripping off and onto the floor, eyes casted down as his aunt paced. "You have to control it Hannibal. This is a creature who has his own agenda, wants, desires. If you allow it to roam freely, it will harm anyone it pleases. I could hear your screaming down the hallway. I could sense when I touched your arm what it was doing. That poor child." Hannibal raised his head, eyes shining with regret.
"I didn't know he would do *that*. If I had known I would have-" The seemingly delicate hand slapped him hard across his face. She had never raised her hand to him before, the betrayal

stung worse than the actual red mark appearing on his cheek. He stared wide-eyed to the side, hand reaching up and feeling the heat radiating off of his face.

“You enjoyed the powers that came from giving *him* freedom. Allowing him to roam at night, devouring flesh without any restraints; it grew bored, Hannibal. And now it marked a poor boy as not only his, but yours. Do you understand this? The injuries that boy faced are on your shoulders. Whatever comes from this rape, is also a product of you. Do you understand me?” The anger in Murasaki’s eyes blazed right into Hannibal’s chest, a fire of shame swirling and consuming him until he felt like a small child again. “I’ll find him. Take care of him. I know his first name, what he looks like, how he smells. I promise to make this right.”

Murasaki stood with a sternness, her mouth in a sneer as she looked over his nephew, “See that you do, Hannibal. See that you do.”

Chapter End Notes

Thought I'd leave my usual family fluff for something a little more nitty gritty. This is my first official fic for the Hannigram fandom. I hope you enjoy!

Prologue: A Fighting Chance

Will Graham

The years moved in a strange way. For Will it balanced between bone achingly slow and incredibly fast. He could hardly remember his first year at the institute for the dangerously marked. It was a way for the FBI to get close to those with powers that could cause mass harm and familiars who were too wild. Graham didn't make many friends besides Dr. Alana Bloom, who had a calming power to help others feel at peace, and Beverly Katz, who had the ability to read minds and sense the auras of others. Despite Will's best to try to be alone, Beverly wouldn't allow it. Where he sat, she joined. If he disappeared into the library, sitting behind a curtain on the window, she would find him.

"You know, if your thoughts weren't so loud, you might be able to escape me." Beverly pulled back the curtains, resulting in Will jumping and hitting his head against the hard stone of the wall behind him. "Move over a little." She climbed onto the window ledge, tucking her knees to her chest as Will did. She eyed the book carefully pressed to Will's chest, he was still trying to hide his personal studies.

"You're not a monster, you know. Just because that creature marked you doesn't mean you have to be tied to it forever. You have a choice and your familiar seems pretty good at protecting you." Beverly tucked her growing hair behind her ear, staring at Will intently as he avoided her gaze by staring outside the window. It was a nice little building, despite the knowledge there were video cameras in every corner and Jack Crawford was always watching his ward of forfeited orphans.
"Everyone thinks so. It found me and I'm trying desperately to figure out why. Why me, of all people?" Will didn't necessarily like how Beverly made him feel like it was so easy to talk to her. Hidden hurts and secrets slipped out without any warning, and it made him wonder if she didn't have the magic to compel people to speak the truth.

Beverly watched Will intently, reading the situation before speaking. "Maybe you're more powerful than it is. Stronger than whoever its companion is." She held out a hand and he reluctantly gave it over. She recognized it immediately as the book Will seems to always have checked out from the school library. Rumor had it that when Crawford found out about Will's familiar and the background to his surrender, he had ordered a rare copy of Algonquain folklore. The book immediately fell open to the chapter on the wendigo. Will would take this book when he left the school. That is, if Jack Crawford let any of them out of his sight when they supposedly graduated.

"The Wendigo is a creature of dark magic. It is created when the greatest evils are acted upon and the man is changed forever. Murder, sexual assault, cannibalism.." Will shivered as she read the words out loud. No matter how many times he read those passages, he felt a sickness grow in the pit of his stomach. The white scar on his belly aches and a nagging feeling of a repressed and contained memory that held the key to everything. "You know, you should really pick up another book. Like, a romance novel or a fantasy." Beverly carefully shut the book and handed it back to Will.

“What’s the point of a romance novel when we both know this means the companion of that thing is a monster by himself.” Will ran his fingers over the cover, feeling the spine of the book.
“Why do you assume it’s a man?” Beverly’s question had Will looking at her in confusion.
“I’m just saying, women are capable of this too. Ever heard of Countess Elizabeth Bathory who would kill the pretty women of her estate to bathe in their blood? Or Mary Queen of Scots who burned protestants? What about-”

“Alright! Ok! I get your point!” He groaned, squeezing his eyes shut. “*She* could be a monster as well. Either way, Beverly, this isn’t exactly a happy ever-after romance for me.” Will thunked his head against the wall, and repressed a smile. He also hated how Beverly seemed to understand him, making him feel better about all this mess. “You’re a nuisance..” He murmured, but his tone was affectionate.
“I know. It’s one of the best things about me.” She stuck her tongue out at Will before taking his hand and urging him to come out of his hiding spot. “C’mon. Let’s go outside for a bit, throw snowballs, or set an ice trap for Jack when he uses the back door to slip out.” She had a light around her, buzzing with affectionate energy and the smile Will was trying to hide appeared.
“Thank you…” Will murmurs, “for not reading my mind back there.” He follows her as she pulls him down the hallway of their school, ignoring the scattered rejected kids lingering or talking to one another.
“I told you Will, just because you have it, doesn’t mean you can’t control it. Sometimes I slip up and I can’t help but hear what Jack is waiting to do to Bella when he gets home,” she shuddered with a comical retching noise, “But I’m working on my control. I can almost block out everyone unless I want to. You can do the same thing. Block it out, change your fate.” Beverly looked back over her shoulder, with a warm smile.

For once, Will felt an ache in his stomach that Beverly wasn’t an alpha. He knew she would protect him, they’d probably have a relatively normal life together, and he felt safe whenever she was near. But it wouldn’t work. Jack wouldn’t allow the relationship and Dr. Bloom will tell him he’s too immature for a relationship of any kind. But for a moment, a brief moment, he can imagine it. He had no idea if Beverly could sense his feelings and sadness, but she squeezed his hand tighter and he thought he saw a bit of red around her ears.

They slipped out into the courtyard, Beverly running around for a moment while Will stood awkwardly in the snow. His feet stomping into the soft wet white, shoving his hands into his pockets. He was content with watching her run around until she yelled, “Heads up!” and he looked to the sky. The snowball hit him square in the face, knowing off his glasses. He was stunned as Beverly’s laugh lifted into the air. He bent down, picking up his fallen spectacles and put them in his pocket before packing a tight snowball. He launched it at her, managing to hit her square in the back. It started a war of laughter, snow flying everywhere, and for a brief moment they weren’t traumatized kids who were under FBI care.

Beverly and Will laid panting in the snow, side by side, looking up at the black sky and watching snowflakes dance and drift above them. “We’ll get out of here. Together.” She turned her head, smiling at him. He was glad his glasses were still in his pocket for now, unsure he could hold back the threatening blush. “Let’s move to New York, where there’s lots of people, lights, traffic. It’ll feel safe for you and too many voices for me.” She sat up and

took his hand, feeling how cold it was. “Will, I-”
“Get. In. NOW.” Crawford’s voice boomed, breaking the brief moment they had alone. Beverly looked at Jack, the door to the school wide open, a shot gun in the other hand. The spotlights on top of the school suddenly turned on, bathing the two in blinding white. Will raised his hand to shade his vision.
“Alright! No need to shout!” Beverly yelled back, standing up. She offered her hand to Will, who started to reach for it when he heard that eerie clicking noise.

Fear dropped to the pit of his stomach. He couldn’t remember much of that night, but the inhuman clicking in his ear could never truly go away. The two of them turned their heads, seeing a dark figure in the forest.Those red gleaming eyes and the tall antlers, paired with the ink sharp claws that looked ready to dig into flesh. Will felt the scar on his stomach flare and a strange ache within him bloomed. A part of him feared the creature, and the other wanted to run into its ungodly arms.
“Will!” Beverly grabbed his hand and yanked him to his feet, running towards the school where Jack barked out his orders left and right.

Will could barely feel his feet moving. The world was in a high pitched ring, every part of him numb, and only Beverly’s guidance would save him. Just before he could cross the door, a sharp hand wrapped around his ankle and pulled with an unearthly strength. Everything came back in awful screeches as Beverly screamed and Jack was chasing after them. He was being dragged by his left ankle, his stomach and chest making a ditch in the snow as the Wendigo ran into the wood, ready to whisk his bride away. Will started hyperventilating, trying to remember anything to help him. He dug his nails into the ground, looking for purchase, but found nothing but compact snow. When the wendigo turned a corner, he barely managed to grab onto a tree trunk, jerking the creature to a stop.

It growled, turning on its mate with a fury at his disobedience. He let out strange animalistic sounds, the clicking, deep grunts, hovering over Will and grabbing his wrist. Its sharp nails pierced Will’s skin, causing him to cry out in fear and pain. He lost grip with a final tug, flipped over onto his back and the wendigo leaned in deep, snarling face in Will’s, ready to take action and put him in his place.

The stag appeared, running at full speed and ramming the wendigo straight off of Will. The wendigo went flying back, slamming into a tree as he was caught off guard. The stag stood over him, protecting Will as he rolled into a ball under his belly. It snorted, bellowing steam from its throat as it dared the wendigo to charge again. The creature let out its own belly deep warning, the sound almost like fingernails on a chalkboard that sent Will into a panic. The Wendigo charged, furious with this familiar who should have been on his side. The transformation wasn’t complete, he needed another taste, another chance to spill the darkness in him.

As the wendigo charged, so did the stag. Their antlers locked together in a sharp thud. Will watched, frozen in his position as the wendigo sliced its claws outwards, raking through the fur of the familiar and fresh blood ran down its neck. The Stag kicked his front hooves forward, stomping down on the wendigo’s thigh. Their bloodied battle continued, strength matching strength, but different goals: the wendigo to reach Will and the stag to keep Will safe. It was only when the wendigo launched at Will and nearly snagged his ankle again did

he find his strength. He scrambled to his feet and broke out into a run, heading back to the schoolyard where someone could help him.

He heard the trampling behind him, the wendigo desperately chasing its mate with the stag ramming it into a nearby tree or slamming it into the ground. These brief subdues allowed Will to be just ahead. He ran with all his might until Jack found him. Crawford was yelling at Will, but grabbed his elbow and ran with him back to the school. He shoved the boy through the doors and then himself. Just as he turned around and slammed the door, the wendigo's face was mere inches from the door. Jack locked it, "Move! Move away from the doors!" he barked at Will, who was still running until Alana grabbed him and pulled him into her arms. The door lurched with the loud thud of antlers on metal, scaring everyone in a fierce jolt. Will squeezed his eyes and buried his face in Alana's chest, shaking uncontrollably.

The fight outside went silent. The stag appeared in the hallway, limping, bleeding, coming to Will to sniff at his hair and make sure he was ok. Jack relaxed the arm holding the shotgun, the adrenaline crashing and suddenly everyone was exhausted. "Beverly, if you ever take Will out again at night, I'll have your ass out of here before you can even utter another breath." Jack hissed at her, taking Alana's elbow roughly to escort her and Will to lecture them.
"That's enough Jack!" She growled at him, holding Will fiercely to her as if she could protect him from anything else. "The kids have been through enough tonight. The last thing anyone needs right now is a screaming lecture from you. Save it for tomorrow." Alana's eyes held a hell fire in them, turning and gently guiding Will from the scene.
"Alana! I want him in my office as soon as he wakes up tomorrow! Do you hear me? ALANA." Jack shouted but her only response was her heels clicking against the tiled hallway.

Will was still shaking when Alana set him in her little room. She had the privacy students wished for with a secluded bathroom, a miniature kitchen, and a decent sized bed. She sat him down on a kitchen chair, draping a heated blanket around his shoulders before setting the kettle on the stove. They remained quiet, Will trying to conserve energy and stop his trembling while Alana watched the kettle. After 5 minutes, it whistled and she made hot chocolate with a few marshmallows. She handed it to Will, who merely held the mug between his palms to warm them up.

"Drink that when you can." Alana coaxed, moving to sit in a chair. Will nodded, but couldn't bring himself to do it. He merely gripped the searing hot mug tighter. It hurt but in a way that made him feel alive. "Why… why did it choose me..?" Will asked in a quiet whisper. "I haven't- I haven't done anything wrong. I'm not crazy or a killer. And it's- it wants me." The tears rapidly spilled from Will's eyes. He tried to wipe them away, but they dropped faster than he could brush them awayl. "Am I a bad person?" The sentence he had been so afraid to speak slipped and the harsh sobs that he kept so well hidden came out.
"No Will, no." Alana tried to reassure, her hand reaching out to rub at his shoulders and back. "Breathe for me. In and out.. In and out.." she tried to guide him through some basic breathing exercises but he was too far gone in his panic to really listen to her. "You are not bad. You don't have any evil in your heart. There's no logical reason for why it chose you. But it did. You are alive because your magic is stronger than it is. Your familiar is doing his very best to keep you safe and alive."

Alana's familiar appeared, sensing the distress of a student. It was a fuzzy, sand colored deer mouse who jumped from her shoulder onto Will's. It made comforting squeaks in his ears, rubbing along his frozen cheek and neck to cheer him up. Will managed to control some of his tears to look at the little mouse. "It's very cute.." His voice was watery through his tears. Alana replied in a soft smile, "She's an excellent little healer. A clever little thing too when I'm tangled up in trouble." Alana removed her hand and encouraged Will to take a few sips of his hot chocolate. He obliged, though he didn't drink much. His stomach was pulled in all sorts of knots and he could barely think past the icy grip of the creature's hand on his ankle.

"Perhaps you need more practice on protecting yourself." Alana offered, trying to catch Will's eye though he refused to truly match her gaze. "Private lessons on protection spells, white magic, honing your relationship with your stag to where it won't ever try to bother you again. I'll talk with Jack in the morning about it."
Will could barely make sense at all of what was happening to him but he nodded. "Can… Can Beverly be there..?" The room was quiet as they both pondered over what was asked. "I think I can make that happen. You and Beverly are close, and if she makes you feel safe I'll convince Jack to let the two of you work together." Alana offered, though not entirely confident Jack would be willing to let the two ever see each other again after what happened. "Thank you.." Will muttered, closing his eyes and trying to lose himself into the warmth of the hot chocolate slipping down his throat and the motherly chirps of the deer mouse in his ear.

Hannibal Lecter

A few days after the incident, as Hannibal liked to call it to distance himself, he left Aunt Murasaki's estate and made his way to university. He enrolled into medical school, focusing primarily on surgery with a smaller emphasis on psychology. It was easy for Hannibal. The operation of the body was a fine art. A single smell and he knew what was wrong with the patient without the help of his supervisor. He hummed Chopin in his head, his movements controlled and articulate, crafting his skill to bend the body to his will, leaving marks in hidden places where no one would know.

Psychology was a fascinating subject. He particularly enjoyed the chapters about memory, learning how one can manipulate one's memories, how gaps of time from trauma could be induced, and to pull long locked secrets without the other person knowing. Often he would try his knowledge under the guise of party tricks at the functions he was invited to. It always started off slow with Hannibal noting the chosen scent his participant was wearing to every last ingredient. Next he would analyze their faces as they talked, leading questions that seemed fine in nature but would reveal a deeper connection. Finally, he pulled the last card and found himself revealing deeper secrets. Some of his proudest moments were disclosing an affair from a marriage of 25 years, bankruptcy from a company that was pandering money from the guests, and his favorite, a molester in front of everyone.

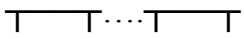
Of course, his so-called gags caused trouble, but opportunity. Most people ignored him or laughed it off to save face, but those who were gravely injured sought out Hannibal. The molester was waiting for Hannibal back in his studio apartment. He sat in a leather chair, panting, raging, a knife in his hands. "You-You ruined my life. No one knew. NO ONE KNEW! How the fuck did you know? Did she get out and squeal? Did she come to you for

revenge?" The man stood, gripping the knife more tightly. Hannibal looked him over with a swift gaze, not showing any signs of anxiety as he turned and locked his door, taking off his jacket and hanging it up with perfection. "I would put the knife down before someone gets hurt, Mr. Banis. I would hate for blood to stain my new rug."

Banis took in a ragged breath, "You son-of-a-bitch. I don't care about your fucking rug! You go back to that party and you tell them you were joking! Do it before I cut that pretty face of yours. Maybe I'll start with your tongue, make sure that no one else can hear your lies." Hannibal stood straight, staring at this intruder. He could already see his familiar rising from the shadows. Red eyes gleaming in the dark as he waited for the right moment. No, that wasn't quite right, the moment *they* were waiting for.
"Do you have a card on you?"
"What?"
"If I'm to recant my story, I will need your credentials. Your business card, please." Hannibal held out his hand.

It worked for a moment, the man confused as he stepped forward, automatically reaching inside his pocket for the requested item. "You'll email me, yeah? Fucking finally. Do you know how many-" Just as the card reached Hannibal's palm, the surgeon-in-training grabbed the knife from Banis' hand and sliced into his belly without a second glance. Banis trembled, looking down as blood began to flood from him, hands flying down to stop the bleeding. Hannibal didn't miss, calculating it, and nicked his bladder along with several arteries. "You know, Mr. Banis, the one type of man I cannot stand is one who derives pleasure from children." He smiled, snapping his finger and the wendigo lunged forward.

His jaws unhinged and ripped the man's vocal cords out, prying open his belly with his claws until his organs slipped out and slopped to the floor. The wendigo took pleasure from feasting on his victim's flesh. When he had his full, covered in blood, he sliced the man's tongue and held it out. Hannibal took it, staring at it for a moment. "Not the most delectable meat, but we shouldn't waste food." He turned, stepping into his kitchen and began to carefully cut the major taste buds from the tongue and harvesting the soft, sponge-like meat inside. A cream sauce of mushroom and lemon with just a bit of sage would go brilliant with a deep, red wine. Hannibal began to hum Chopin's Prelude in E-Minor number 4. The crunching noises of the wendigo chewing on Mr. Banis' bones like a dog went well with the tune.



The next time Hannibal dreamed of Will, he hadn't been aware of the creature's escape. After the horrifying acts it committed, Hannibal wasn't keen on it disappearing without knowledge. Through his careful studies, cleaning up after Mr. Banis, and having the authorities visiting him after the disappearance, Hannibal couldn't exactly keep an eye out or tend to his needs. It only occurred to him his shadowed friend was no longer with him when he laid down to sleep after a 35 hour shift at the hospital. As he drifted into his dream, he could feel the wendigo's heartbeat in a faster tempo against his own. Once again, his limbs felt heavy and he could no longer move.

He was back in America, having the urge to see his chosen mate and to bring him back home. The creature followed the faint scent, though it also split into two. One direction led towards

the further west, something that smelled of Will but also of him, and the other more north was his beloved bride. Despite the urge to see if his mating came to fruition, the creature left it alone. He hurried up north, following his beloved's scent until it came to a fortified structure.

There were too many people for the Wendigo to immediately take on. Familiars drifted around the place, spells of protection that would burn (though not unbreakable). He growled hiding in the trees when the doors suddenly opened and there was his beautiful bride. Playing in the snow with another child. She smelled of bitterness, a rival perhaps of the other's affection, and a tang of sewage with her familiar drifting about. He looked around nervously for the stag's approach, but it was nowhere near.

He waited for the perfect opportunity. He let them play until they seemed exhausted, distracted, and the wendigo moved. Just as he snuck up on the children, the doors flung open and another human was yelling at them to run. He couldn't let his mate get away again, couldn't waste precious time for the stag to reappear and pin him once more. He snagged the delicate ankle of his bride and ran back into the forest, dragging the boy with him. Who cared if he was a little scuffed and injured, his companion would fix him up. They would keep him safe, feed and breed this-

The ankle slipped from his hand and the frustration rattled in his chest, turning and leaping on top of his mate. Insolence and rejection would not be tolerated. If he must show his power and position once more, he would. He would take great pleasure in it. He began to slice into the boy's wrist. Perhaps if he rendered the muscle useless it would be easier to drag him back. Before he could go any deeper than a few scratches that would sting, the stomping of the stag appeared. He turned and the large head of the stag slammed into his chest, sending him flying.

He scrambled to his feet, more than ready to destroy this pesky familiar once and for all. They fought ferociously, the Wendigo slicing deep within the familiar's throat in painful ways, biting his antlers and colliding them together. However, his bride was smarter than he was prepared for and began to run during their clash. It thoroughly distracted him. He needed Will, had to bring him back, and the fight no longer mattered to the creature.

This caused for several injuries to appear, the antlers piercing through his skin, hip, bone grinding against bone. The wendigo ignored this with gritted teeth, pulling himself up and running after Will. He was always in arms reach, but before he could snag him the stag would slam him with little effort. He didn't give up until his bride slipped behind the iron doors and the stag effectively stabbed him through his chest, side, and arms, a painful rattle split from the wendigo's throat before being shook off the antlers and thrown off to the side. He couldn't stay much longer without fear of actual death. The stag was breathing heavily, blood still dripping from its neck and sides. He struck the ground with his right hoof, and it was enough warning. The wendigo turned and scurried back into the woods. Perhaps tomorrow he could-

Hannibal woke with a gasp, having sweated through his clothes. He stood and removed his pajamas, changing them and his sheets into something dry. He stared out the window up to the night sky. He couldn't help but agree with the wendigo. It would be nice to have this Will

fellow with them. Safe within these walls, being fed and taken care of, starting a proper family between them. However, he could not have his familiar scare Will into hysterics. He moved swiftly to his desk, pulling out red chalk and squatting down next to his newly purchased rug. He lifted the corners, rolled it back, and there was the summoning circle he had designed to bring back his familiar for this very reason.

He reconnected the points and the incantation around the symbol. He set his red chalk to the side before grabbing his knife and slicing the tip of his finger, dropping blood in the middle of the pentagram. He set his palm flush down, smearing his blood with the red chalk and closed his eyes. The chant rumbled in his chest, coming out in a slow but firm tone. The floor shook as he slowly stood, raising his hand upwards until the Wendigo was summoned, antlers first. The wendigo looked furious as he was forced to return, dripping his own blood everywhere from his injuries.
“I told you to leave Will alone.” Hannibal calmed stated, though a darkness to his gaze. “If you do not behave towards our beloved, I will bind you to my shadow. Do you understand me?”
The wendigo bared its teeth in response.

“Y o u m o v e t o o s l o w “ The creature’s voice was rough, words hard to truly communicate. It was an apex predator whose main function was to kill and serve. It did not need to talk to Hannibal in any way. But with it being a man-like creature, disagreements were more common. It thought and lived for itself, while also serving Hannibal’s needs.
“He is still young. Will hasn’t even developed in the proper ways. You are interfering with his progress and his transformation before he is ready. You will ruin him and turn him from us before we can take our beloved and love him as he should.” Hannibal chastised firmly, wiping the blood from his hand with his pocket handkerchief. “We mustn't ruin our flower before it can even bloom. His scent is sweet, but his emergence will be breathtaking.”

The wendigo growled, slumping off to the shadows to sleep and take care of its wounds. Hannibal watched him disappear almost completely from his sight. If it weren’t for the very slight ripples of the shadows moving, he might have never known his house was occupied with another being.

Prologue: Late Night Shadows

Chapter Summary

TW: Physical abuse from Jack Crawford and some good ol' consensual fucking.

Chapter Notes

Hannibal's Piano Songs:
Schumann Fast Zu Ernst - https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nCqxtediy54
Čiurlionis Nocturne VL183 - https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dqenCbc_wDE
Čiurlionis Musical Moment - https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zNqwbURi_qs

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will Graham

Three years. Three long years of being imprisoned in Jack Crawford's political campaign of saving poor orphans. He could count on one hand the pleasantries he's faced under Jack's control. His sessions with Alana, the private tutoring with Beverly, the silence of the library, the very rare walks he was allowed during daylight, and the year of darkness. At first, the year of darkness frightened Will. Not knowing where he had been, who he interacted with, how he even integrated in such a solitary place had been unnerving. Now he found comfort in that drifting. He had lived, but not really. The wendigo hadn't attacked him in that year and whatever pleasantries Jack tried to extend, Will didn't have to pretend to smile and trust this FBI agent with his formative years.

Lessons with Alana had been cathartic, useful. Beverly and him grew closer, testing their magic together, casting white spells in the quiet of Alana's study. Often they would stay in the late hours of the night with Will waking up to find Alana had covered the two in blankets and Beverly was sleeping right next to him. Sometimes he found courage to reach out and gently take her hand. The empathy he felt from her sleeping form and the sweetness of her dreams calmed her. He didn't dare touch anyone else besides his two protectors. His empath powers could be intrusive, overbearing. Their lives became his own and their fears, pleasures, and inner workings were revealed to him. It was a gift Jack seemed too interested in. It placed Will on guard. It felt as if he and the rest of the abandoned children were being trained for a specific purpose. One Jack and the FBI seemed reluctant to share.

While he felt safe with Beverly and Alana, Jack seemed hellbent on Will's heels. Everywhere he stepped, Jack was around the corner, folded arms and ready with a lecture for Will. Though most of his lectures were few words being shouted at him in front of everyone. He

hated that the most. Will don't do that! Don't do this! Haven't you thought about your future? We could send you to Quantico. You could flourish with the FBI. His words echoed like a never ending chamber in Will's head. Sometimes he wished he knew how Beverly did it, how she drowned out the voices that never wanted to stop.

His 18th birthday came and went. As expected, his parents didn't send anything to their disowned son. Will also refused any advances of birthday wishes or talk of a party for him. He wasn't exactly a favorite among his peers, so it wasn't a surprise no one paid attention to him. It was only Alana, Beverly, and the uninvited Jack Crawford that dared to celebrate his birth. A quaint little cake that had a cartoon dog made with icing on top. "Sorry, it was the only one left." Beverly smiled and Will immediately knew she was lying. He rolled his eyes, "Thanks. It's the thought that counts." The gifts were simple and small, just how he liked it. A pair of knitted gloves from Alana, a homemade fish lure from Beverly, and 50 dollars from Jack. "For when I get out?" Will asked while he fanned out the bills.
"Think of it as an early advance." Jack chuckled, but no one else laughed.

Will sat in the darkness of the library. It wasn't as if this building was locked down from the inside, just always from the outside. The kids could come in and out of the different areas: the study rooms, the common area, the gymnasium, and the library. Though most faculty encouraged the children to stay out of the library, seeing as they'd rather not have precious books be torn apart. It helped that Will, despite his upsetting fate, was rather quiet and well behaved. The librarian often left him as she went to her own room, sometimes bringing him tea while he hid in his nook. Tonight was the same. He sat with a lantern by his feet, sitting in his window seal, the folklore book falling open naturally to the predator that never stopped hunting him. His fingers traced the depiction of the creature. He still feared it greatly, but there was a curiosity and a frustration of wanting this to be over.

"Boo!" The curtain was suddenly thrown back and the book went up into the air. Will's terrified screams had the librarian rushing out in her pajamas, "Will?"
"Shh." Beverly's devious smile had him groaning.
"Beverly! What the hell are you doing?" Will sprung out of his window seal, "You know I don't like it when you do that to me!"
The librarian turned the corner, spotting Will and Beverly. "That's it! You two are done here! Get out!" She shooed them, frustrated but secretly thrilled that Will had a friend who was willing to find him no matter where he went.

"What the hell was that all about?" Will asked, book tucked under his arm that wasn't being tugged on by an excited Beverly.
"Just, shut up. And follow me, ok?" She shoved him into the janitor's closet and shut the door. She moved a crate over, standing on it and yanked the handle open.
"Beverly, you can't do that. You know all the windows are sealed for our protection!" Will ran a hand through his hair, feeling anxious as she continued on, opening the window wide enough for them to squeeze through.
"Wrong. The windows are sealed so we don't see through Jack's clever little rouse of training us to be his own personal crime squad. This is an fascist military training facility." Beverly started climbing through the window. "Now move your ass and come with me! It's just for one night, Will."

He paced within the dark janitor's closet. On one hand, he had not been out in over two years since the last attack. The world was slowly changing and he was stuck in here, waiting to be freed. And on the other hand, it was midnight. The wendigo could be out there, holding out for Will to be stupid enough to make his reemergence. "Will?" Her voice cut through his inner turmoil.
"Fuck… fuck! Alright! I'm coming." He set his book down on the nearest shelf, climbed on top of the crate and wiggled his way out the window. Beverly laughed as quiet as she could as Will stumbled out and righted himself. "Come on, I have a cab waiting for us half a mile away. They'll only wait another 20 minutes so we gotta go."
"Good thing Jack has us doing all those fascist runs." Will joked in his dry way and Beverly ignored it.

The two ran under the cover of night. Will looking every once in a while, left and right, fear prickling his skin that wendigo would show up. Beverly kept her vision forward. She knew what Will feared, the terror he must feel as she did. But she knew if they didn't at least try to live something of a normal life, they never would. So she ran, encouraging Will to keep up, and secretly praying that nothing would appear in the shadows of the trees. They both gave a sigh of relief as the sight of the taxi came into view. They stumbled into the car, Beverly asking the driver to go while Will locked their doors. He doubted it would save them from the wendigo, but it was a comforting thought none-the-less.

"Will you tell me where we're going now?" Will whispered in the back of the taxi while Beverly asked the driver to turn on some music.
"We're going to a college party." Beverly stated as if it was no big deal. "Think of it as a college visit. I mean, do you really want to go to Quantico and stay under Jack's thumb forever? I'll find my own goddamn scholarship, thank you very much." She ruffled her hair, pulling Will close to ruffle his hair but to also hold him tight.
"I..I haven't really thought too far into that." Will felt idiotic. Despite all the prep work for college and the heavy push to enroll in the academy. Everything seemed a falsehood. What was the point of believing in freedom when he knew it would never be true.
"Good thing too, because we're not going to think much tonight. The only plan is to get smashed and let loose. And of course, sneak back in before Jack ever finds out." Beverly hummed, kissing Will's temple.
"We'll really have no future if Jack finds out." Will laughed, Beverly joining him.

The 45 minute drive to the University of Virginia was surprisingly liberating. The idea that miles were between them and their current life made them feel as if they were just normal teenagers, with other aspirations in life. Will relaxed into his freedom, closing his eyes and rested against Beverly. When he came to, they were already near the campus and by the lights and swarms of people: fraternity life was alive and well.

Beverly paid for the cab and Will stepped out, a little out of focus with the noise around him. Will wasn't normally for crowds, his family had always drifted away from the noise, mostly because of his father's work. But now, he was seeing the appeal of Beverly's dream of moving to New York. There was safety in the crowds. It was too compact for the wendigo to approach, too many faces that would see him, Too much heat and scents that would confuse its predatory senses. "Beverly, I think this is your best idea yet."

By Beverly's graces, they were admitted into several frat houses. There they enjoyed getting absolutely plastered. Beverly thought for sure Will would be opposed to the idea of getting drunk, but was surprised when he went straight for the red solo cups and wrote his name with a sharpie on the side. They jumped from party to party, dancing, playing games, making small chat with other students there. The hours ticked by and more alcohol was consumed. The world was spinning, faces fuzzy, he didn't necessarily want to be blacked out. They had to make their way back into the school before.. before.. Why was he worried?

Somewhere in between houses, Will lost Beverly. He had a nagging feeling he needed to stay with her, find her, but nothing wrong could happen. Without really knowing where he was going, he ended up in a rather nice frat house. Or was it a sorority? All he knew was that it was abnormally quiet for any greek life house, except for the booming of the stereo system downstairs and the occasional moaning from a closed room he walked by. He could hear a piano being played somewhere in the house. Red cup still in hand that now tasted like every drink he poured into it, he climbed the stairs until the music became louder.

Will pushed open the door, listening to the calming piano with its rich deep notes and minor key. "Come to get away?" The player asked without looking up. The voice was also rich, deep, and foreign. Will couldn't quite place it, and even less so now that he was smashed.
"...hot downstairs." He murmured in reply, taking in the strange shapes of the study room before slumping into the couch unceremoniously. He was lucky his cup wasn't full or he might have dumped it on the couch. "Schumann.."
His knowledge of the composer made the player pause for just a moment. It would have slipped the train ear, but Will heard the slight hesitation before the next chord was played.
"You surprise me." The player's smile could be heard as he talked, "Not many young americans know their 18th century german composers."
"Call me a casual fan." Will mumbled, about to take his next sip.
"I would advise against it." The voice had a way of making it seem like a soft suggestion, but rather it was a firm command. "No doubt by your voice and staggering form, you'll soon blackout. Despite the need to trust those around you, american universities do not have the best reputation for keeping conduct."

Will scoffed as he put down his drink. "You haven't had any then. You play too well for a drunk."
"On the contrary, I am over the legal limit." The voice chuckled and his fingers began a new song. It was one Will hadn't heard before. "I'm playing worse than I should. My father would find it quite shameful to disrespect such a fine instrument with clumsy fingers."
Will closed his eyes to listen closely to the melody but also to stop the dizziness from crescendoing too much. "Who composed this song? It's beautiful."
"Mikalojus Konstantinas Čiurlionis. He's from my home country of Lithuania." He hummed his approval of Will's intrigue. "Another forgotten great in American culture."

Will nodded, listening carefully and saw colors begin to pop before him. Shades of bright yellows and sad blues that mixed into a calming effect. "I've never seen color from music before…"
"Čiurlionis was a fine painter as well as a composer. He often inspires imageries from his music, as he found inspiration to paint from them as well." He began another set by Čiurlionis, fingers dancing across the piano with ease.

Will opened his eyes, staring at the back of this stranger. Perhaps it's the romance of the music or he was too drunk, but he couldn't sense what was so different about this man. Something was strange but alluring, dangerous but safe. It made his head spin. He stood up, approaching the piano and watching long fingers move effortless across the keys. "Do you get many people in your bed? Accent and music and all?"
"I find this line of questioning distasteful. What a man does in his own bed should be private." The chastising voice made Will feel like a child. "If you must know, I'm engaged with someone I don't know."
Will chortled, "What a coincidence. Same here." He reached out and touched the new note for the song. He didn't even notice he was leaning over this stranger and their arms were touching.

"Despite your drunken rudeness, I find you very fascinating." His voice was in Will's ear and a shiver went down his spine. Back at the dormitory, there was no sexual tension. Jack made sure of that. They were separated by their sexes, relationships were heavily discouraged, and anyone found having sex was punished severly. Will felt weak in the knees at the barest of touches, swallowing hard and already a touch wet.
"I don't think you're as good as you're trying to be." Will retorted, touching the stranger's shoulder. He was strong too, wearing a soft jumper that felt good against his finger tips. He squeezed the man's bicep, sliding up and down without a second thought. When his actions caught up to his consciousness, he withdrew suddenly. "Sorry, I didn't mean to be rude, oh fuck-" As he backed away his feet tripped over nothing.

Instead of slamming into the ground, a large and strong hand was gripping his waist. They were chest to chest and Will was startled to find that he was only a head taller. A second hand rested on his hip, squeezing curiously. Will couldn't help but relax into the scent of the stranger. He knew he shouldn't be here, let alone with an alpha when he was unbonded by one but marked by the wendigo. If it were to appear and kill this man, one who still didn't have a face, he didn't know if he could survive that trauma.
"You are right about one thing." The stranger's voice rumbled. His head tipped down and Will looked up, their noses touching in an intimate brush. He could feel the other lips part slightly and Will followed suit.
"I am not as good as I try to be."

The kiss was intense and all consuming. Will stiffened, having never been kissed before and unsure of what was happening. The lips were surprisingly soft, tasting of a fine wine that had to have come from a personal stash rather than the cheap booze being served downstairs. Will tried to keep up, kissing back, tongue clumsily pressing against the other's. His fingers curled into the soft jumper before his hands slid up the firm chest and around the other's shoulders, lacing behind his neck. "Oh god.." Will gasped, pressing tight against this stranger.
"Let me take care of you." The voice rumbled into his ear, lips against his throat, and Will lost all reasoning.

The stranger guided Will's clumsy steps backwards. The kisses intensified, moving on, Will gasping for constricted air while the other unashamedly mouthed at his neck. He could hardly stand it, feeling his back and his feet stumble which caused the alpha to hoist him up. Will let out a surprised sound from the uncontained strength. His hand gripped the shoulder, squeezing them here and there. He registered the door opening and shutting behind them. His

hands clumsy took hold of the jumper and pulled it off his hard frame. He sighed when the other bit at his chest, sensitive and heightened from all the booze he had that night. His back slammed into the wall and he groaned, cupping the stranger's blurry face and kissing him with what he had just learned.

Will's ears twitched at the sound of a buckle and zipper being undone, kiss pulling away and resting his forehead against the other's as those clever fingers undid his own and slid them to his thighs.
"Do I have your consent..?" The stranger's voice was ragged, breathing heavier as if the mere scent of Will was a struggle for him to stay composed. It felt amazing.
"Yes… please.." Will panted, nipping his upper lip.

Prodding fingers felt the slickness of his entrance before finding it good enough. Will could feel the ache in his lower back in wanting him in immediately. He was always kind of a sucker for the edges of pain and pleasure. He tried to blame the Wendigo for that, but he couldn't blame every anomaly in his life on that creature. Will hissed at the initial entry. The head splitting him open, the growls of a pleased alpha in his neck, the steady sink down on the full length. His partner seemed to have all the courtesy in the world until the last bit of him uncontrollably bucked up into Will. The full length inside, brushing all the bites Will could never reach himself made the world go fuzzy around the corners.
He felt the rumbles of a question against his neck, but couldn't understand it. Will's response was diving his fingers into the other's hair and tugging tight, "Move, goddamnit, move!"

The world melted until it was only them two. It felt as if Will was floating above it all, cradled in that comforting nothing from two years ago. They breathed together, Will gasping, body unsure of such adult pleasure. It felt nice to actually want sex and engage in it, rather than being a passive body like his first time. Teeth clashed together in hungry and hurried kisses, a taste of copper from a nip too hard, and the hard thrusts was heaven. It felt as if he blinked and the two were in bed. The stranger above him, driving into him hard but patient. A steady tempo that had Will's toes curling and a building pleasure in the pit of his stomach. God, he could come alone from them. His fingers curled into the pillow above him, moans hitting a higher pitch as he grew closer and closer to his orgasm. The stranger shushed him with loving sounds, grinning that his bed partner was losing control.

As Will was kissed longer, his sounds being devoured, the figure above him began to shift. When they pulled away, the wendigo had replaced his temporary bedmate. Will had imagined this scenario many times. The creature tricked him with cleverly disguised voices, dragged him to its cave to mate and fed him bits of human until he also changed. Instead, Will embraced it. Embraced the darkness that was now leaning down to kiss him and was entering him with a harden tempo. It felt thicker, harder within Will, less forgiving and claiming what the stranger was gifted. He leaned into the handsome night black face, kissing it, licking its white teeth, and hearing the scraping of its antlers against the bed frames. **"W I L L"** it hissed in its hellish voice and Will came with a hard snap of his hips. He cried out, shocked, scared, pleased, pulsating around the wendigo. It rose up to its knees, barrelled chest puffing out, tipping its head back, and the nerve-grating clicking noises slipped from its throat before black pitch poured into Will. The hot, stickiness was filling Will to the brim, struggling against the creature at the uncomfortable flood, before sinking into it. He gave up, allowing it to drag him under. He could finally relent and become one WITH the beast. Will's vision

went dark, floating in the inky blackness of his mind, sinking into it and allowing the final feast to begin.

Hannibal Lecter

Why did he let his companion convince him to go to Virginia of all places for his internship? Hannibal knew his beloved was waiting for him across the sea and he needed to gain qualifications to practice in America, but really? The school might have been well renowned, a pretty colonization campus, but it held nothing to the beauty of his old school. The rich history of campus life in Europe was disrespected here in the American colonies. He put up with the campus parties, the inept colleagues at the hospital he was training at, but his nerves were running raw.

The wendigo did most of the hunting, and Hannibal was looking forward to its feasting for any type of amusement. Pretty girls who went the wrong, dark path, troublesome men who were open for attacks, and eating the rude had an exceptional flavor to Hannibal's tongue. As he ate flesh, he and his wendigo grew stronger. He saw it as a way to prepare himself for their bondmate, show the strength of their breeding, and bring Will home effortlessly. He was 21, edging on full adulthood, and they craved the comfort that came with making a pack. Hannibal, in all of his intelligence and integrity, was ready to claim what already was his.

It was the end of the semester, and the campus was lively with the last hurrah. Drinking, loud music, the smell of aroused bodies with suffocating body sprays nearly gave Hannibal a migraine. He was dragged out by his fellow RAs and quickly lost them. To survive the night, Hannibal drank the finest wine he could, sipping on it throughout the night, using it as a cleanser for his own nose from time to time. However, the insufferable night meant he rarely stopped drinking and found himself the drunkest he'd ever been since Mischa's death.

Hannibal disappeared into the classier sorority houses that had an air of at least some snobbery that matched his own aesthetics. He ascended, leaving behind the consistent thumping of a too loud stereo system to the first floor, past the second where the rooms were occupied with the animalistic grunting of young college hormones, and finally he found himself in a niche little study room with a Steinway grand piano that hadn't been touched in months. He tested a few chords, finding it tuned still, and adjusted the piano seat. Sitting down and resting his fingers against the keys grounded him in an otherwise hazy world. Hannibal closed his eyes, and let his fingers play old favorite serenades: melancholy tunes that spoke softly of missing love and heartache. A sentiment he and his companion were shared.

The music drifted him into a sort of sanctuary. The minor chords felt like a soft cocoon for the headache of American college life, finally shutting out the continuous noise with the help of Schuman's Fast Zu Ernst. It pulled his heart deep, stretching it with an ache that only a missing person could fill. Hannibal would have stayed in the comfort of Schuman if it weren't for the scent of an intruder. A softness that belonged to a library full of old and new books, unscented military soap, a mixture of all the alcohol present on campus, and a calm, comforting heat. It was different from what this one should smell like. It had notes of familiarity. It was calm, exciting, but wrong. "Come to get away?"

The conversation was electric and strange. There were elements of rudeness Hannibal would never entertain under the right circumstances, but there was a sharp intelligence that he hardly came across. He found comfort with this stranger, though it felt as if they had met before. They bantered, played, engaged, and when he came close and felt Hannibal's shoulder and arm, a predatory hunger filled him. The curious creature stumbled and before he could contain himself, grasped the lithe thing before he could fall. "You are right about one thing," Hannibal tried to focus on the face, remember any outstanding markers, but was too gone to do so, "I am not as good as I try to be."

The stranger was small and light enough to manipulate to Hannibal's liking. His lips were clumsy, inexperienced, and ripe for the taking. The taste was abhorrent with the mixture of cheap alcohol, but the deeper and more he kissed the stranger, the finer tastes began to emerge. It felt incredibly good and went straight to his cock, already bulging and heavy with wanting to bury himself in this attractive stranger's body. He lifted him with ease, bringing him into the safety of another room.

Hannibal nipped at his new bedmate where he could. Pulling the pesky shirt off and smelling the rawness of an interested omega. He lapped at the sweat slipping down his neck and chest, lips sucking on a sensitive pink nipple. He could feel the heat and sweetness starting to drip out of Will. He was delicious and it made Hannibal delirious. His bedmate squirmed in his arms. Hannibal mouthed at his neck again, unbuckling his own trousers in his eagerness to slip into the building heat of the other, "Do I have your consent..?"
"Yes… please…"
The sweet whine of the other infatuated Hannibal. The first initial entry had them both hissing. Hannibal, feeling the tight heat of an untouched virgin clenching hard, trying to refuse him but losing to his prowess, sent shivers of undiluted pleasure down his spine. He bit with care, wanting to taste blood and eat this omega whole, but restrained. He felt too good to be lost so soon. He needed to savor this meat if he could. Take small bites, every few months, until he rested in the pit of his stomach.

Hannibal moved them to the bed, throwing off the last of their clothes to some odd corner of the room. The omega welcomed him back with open arms, aching for his return, and Hannibal found that truly delicious of him. They drifted together in the swirling confusion of too much to drink and sexual attraction. His kisses were sweeter, his thighs spreading further, and Hannibal was falling in a trap of love drunkenness. The further the two became one, the less he felt like he was himself.

He had trapped the wendigo at home, couldn't risk it walking in the shadows on a populated night, but it felt as if the creature was with him. His vision blurred the closer he drifted to an orgasm the less himself he felt. He watched as his skin turned inky black, felt his spine shift and stretch, the ache of his head where horns grew. The sharp nails dug into his bedmate's skin, the scent of rich copper in the air mixed with that mind number pleasurable omega hormones. His vision went red and he could no longer tell who was in charge. The face of his beloved below him looked up at him with awe, fear, and relief. The kiss to his changed appearance and licking against predatory teeth had him close to cuming.

As the other came, Hannibal was quick to follow. His back arched, grunting at the bite of nails from his bedmate and the inhuman clicking noises he had heard from his wendigo

slipped effortless from his tongue. The only thing that stopped Hannibal from slipping into the skin of his familiar forever was the feel of his own knot swelling into the omega. Despite what the wendigo would have him believe, Hannibal had won out in the end. Whatever mating it tried to use by taking Hannibal's form or trying to confuse their bond into becoming one had failed. Hannibal returned to his own self, a triumphant smile on his face. He chuckled deep, sounding young and human once more. He opened his eyes and leaned down, kissing the bruised red lips of his temporary lover, tugging his knot around the edges of the squeezing entry to remind himself where he was.

When Hannibal woke at 4 in the morning, the side where his unknown love had slept still had the faint warmth of his body. He moved over, pressing his nose into the sheets and breathing in deep the notes of sweat, cum, and sweet pristine omega. His fingers curled in the sheet, a low rumbling purr from deep within. He couldn't remember the last time sleeping with someone had felt so good. Hannibal almost regretted not getting his name or remembering his face too well. He sat up in the unfamiliar bed and checked his surroundings. The house was quiet though outside still occupied some sound of the colleges still going at it.

He stepped out of the bed and dressed in a calm manner, throwing on his soft jumper and zipped up his trousers once more. It was a shame the little omega didn't leave any clothes behind or take Hannibal's shirt as a souvenir. He smelled his own wrists and was pleased he reeked of him. It would make it easier to find him on campus.

The walk back to his apartment was refreshing with the bitterness of an early morning. He was rosy red when he finally arrived and immediately began tea to warm himself up and help him with his hangover the next morning. The wendigo stood in the corner, anger directed at Hannibal was felt and had been the first. "If you are upset you could not feast, I am sure your talents will help you track down a fine prey." Hannibal hummed.
The wendigo stalked forward and shoved his face in Hannibal's neck and shoulder, smelling him deep. He had only indulged the creature once, but even then it could only be described as mutual masturbation and pure curiosity. It was a fierce fight for dominance, one they both agreed should not be repeated. **"W I L L"** the creature growled, anger pouring from its body, **"E S C A P E D. F O O L I S H."** It jerked away from Hannibal and slunk into the dark corner of their room, the low raspy scratches of its disapproval quickly filling the air. The teacup in Hannibal's hand slipped, shattering into 20 pieces on the ground.

Will Graham

The low buzzing of a phone from the floor stirred him awake. Will squirmed, trying to fight sleep, but he had been trained to answer his phone and wake to its every sound. He sat up, stumbling out of bed onto his hands and knees. He groaned as he thudded against the floor, but crawled to where his discarded pants lay. "Hello..?" He groaned.
"Will! Where the fuck are you?" Beverly's frightened voice alarmed Will, almost like a hard shot of espresso that had marinated for too long.
"In some sorority house. I don't know. I got hammered." He rubbed his forehead, starting to pull his clothes on. He felt sticky between his legs, but he didn't have the luxury of cleaning them.

“We’re shit out of luck. Jack found out. He threatened if we weren’t back by five he’d send out an amber’s alert for us. Meet me on the main street.” Beverly hung up without letting Will a word in response. Most likely she was calling a taxi and Alana to calm Jack down. Yeah, they were as good as dead. Might as well enjoy their last bits of freedom.

Will finished dressing and turned to his temporary bed partner. He felt a sting of regret for having to leave him without saying goodbye or leaving a number to contact him. Jack would have both of their heads if he did, probably ship this poor college student out to whatever prison he could. He was handsome sleeping in the dark. Not as drunk anymore and becoming more aware, he could make out more of the stranger’s form. Strong shoulders, long arms, sandy blonde hair that looked as if it were wrestled with all night. Will took a step forward, maybe to leave another kiss or feel the warmth around him again but his phone buzzed with several text messages. He sighed, zipping up his jacket and quietly closed the door behind him.

As promised, he walked out into the main street and found Beverly. She had that wild look in her eye that screamed they were dead, but maybe they could still make it out alive if they moved now. Will gave a sheepish grin at her as she stared at him with a mixture of surprise and a touch of jealousy. “Woah. Ok. Jack’s favorite virgin not being one anymore is definitely going on my record.” She turned when the taxi appeared and they got in, huddled up in the warmth of the car while the driver yawned.

“So..? Who was it?” Beverly asked to break the building ice silence between them. She tried to get her arms to move to pull Will close. Maybe she could rub a bit of her scent into Will, get rid of that new alpha smell he stunk of.
“I don’t know. I don’t remember his face.” Will played with the zipper of his jacket, trying to remember if any of their names had been exchanged.
“His.. right. And his name..?”
“No luck. Kind of got mixed up in the heat of the moment.” Will cleared his throat and smiled. He knew he wouldn’t be able to with Jack in front of him, no less the disappointed look from Alana at their clear disobedience.
“Probably for the best then. Jack can’t waterboard you for information if you don’t know it beforehand.” Beverly sighed, thumping against their seat. Will wouldn’t put it past Jack. He was like a deranged bloodhound that wouldn’t give up until there was something to point at, even if there was nothing to detect.

While the 40 minutes driving to the campus felt like freedom, the way back felt like a prison sentence. Their jovial moods quickly plummeted and any forms of conversation stopped. The taxi pulled into the school property, Jack standing at the door with his arms crossed and Alana standing behind him. Will paid the taxi and they stepped out together. He had an urge to hold Beverly’s hand but refrained from doing so. He didn’t need Jack going after her for any more reasons.

“The amount of stupidity you two generate is astounding. There are RULES to this school? How can I make that clearer? Beverly, you should know more than anyone that putting Will at risk is deplorable. And you!” Jack’s eyes trained on Will, “I expected more from you!”
“Jack, let them in. It’s cold outside.” Alana grabbed Jack’s bicep, tugging on it and they met eyes in a fierce lock. “They’re still kids.”

Jack wretched his arm from Alana and turned for them to enter. Beverly was the first to enter, hurrying by with a fear Jack's hand might strike her. It didn't. Though when Will walked by, he failed to see the nostril flare.

A hard grip suddenly grabbed his wrist and twisted his arm back. Will yelped out in pain and surprise, turning and seeing the wild look on Jack's face. "What the fuck did you do? HUH? What the FUCK did you DO?" Alana rushed at Jack, her hand over his to try to pry it open from Will's wrist. He could already feel the deep bruise that would build.
"Let him go, Jack! He's just a kid!" Alana growled but was backhanded by Jack. She stumbled backwards, shocked by it.
He turned on Will, grabbing him by his shoulders and shook him, furious. "Do you have any idea what you've done? You know nothing about your body and you went and slept with someone?!" Jack was roaring in the entryway and Will was trying his best to sink to the floor.

"What the hell's wrong with you?" Beverly yelled, grabbing Jack by the back of his shirt and trying to pull him off. "Why do you have to keep Will on a leash?! Why can't you just let him go free?" Beverly was slamming her fists into Jack's ribs which gave Will a chance to drop out of his grasp and scramble away. His legs were weak and he couldn't get off the floor, managing to crawl down the hallway. Alana rushed past Jack and Beverly to stand over him. Beverly was shoved roughly, her head hitting the hard wall and slid down, eyes going blurry and on the verge of unconsciousness. "You want to know why I keep you on a leash?" Jack's fury turned to Will.
"You are bound to the wendigo. We try to keep that a secret from your other students. With a familiar mate your pups will be far more powerful than you will know how to handle. If I had known what your pups are capable of, I would have never given that first one up. You don't understand that when you've been marked by such evil, anything will take. The smallest drop and you could wind up pregnant. And you dark to come back here smelling of some strange alpha you laid with?!" Jack's words had Will's stomach spinning, everything he drank throughout the night daring to come up and eventually did. He spewed his guts out onto the floor, trying to keep it together.
"I didn't know! I'm sorry Jack, please just-"

"Tomorrow we're taking you to the doctors and you're taking the morning after pill. I am your guardian and what happens to your body is my choice. You're jeopardizing everything, Will. So keep your mouth shut and your legs closed unless I tell you to." Jack growled, and that deep, authoritarian alpha noise made Will cower even more and a frightened sob slip from him.
"Back. Off." Alana growled, stepping up into Jack's territory. She rarely allowed herself to try to challenge him. Jack would have the kids believe that he held complete domain over the school, that no one would ever dare to challenge his position. Alana knew that she could submit him. She did it to Margot and even Mason when they went out of control. Had used her wills to drown Mason when he threatened her and her mate to take everything from them again. If she could, she would drown Jack and free Will from his grasp. "You've done enough." Her voice was deep, dark, and that of maternal instinct that would tear out the throat of anymore who crossed her. Jack made a step, ready to grab Will and drag him off but Alana was quicker. Her hand grabbing Jack's throat with a warning squeeze, nails digging into his skin. **"Back. Off."**

Jack, with horror, backed off. He slunk without question, but his eyes were trained on Alana. He wouldn't forgive this betrayal, and she didn't expect him too. Her attention returned to Will who was shaking on the floor, barely able to make sense of the world. She reached down and took hold of him, though he yelped and expected a punishing hand. "Shh, Will. It's me. I'm going to take you somewhere safe." Alana pulled him to his feet, and took his terrified form back to her room. She set him up to be safe before returning to Beverly. She checked her head injury, the dilation of her eyes before moving her to her station as well. She had two miserable kids to look after and the thudding in her chest let her know what had to be done.

She let the hour trickle on without any word. Will and Beverly curled into one another with Beverly stroking down his back to soothe him. Will had calmed down considerably, Jack's words finally making sense in his head. The plan all along was for Jack to hand him over to the wendigo, or perhaps bring the wendigo here. A sick breed plan for half familiar-human children whose power was untapped and unmarked. It was very rare for a wendigo to appear near here, and to choose a young mate for others to study. Jack didn't care for him, he saw the end product and was pushing Will as fast and as far as he could. Have him feel cooped up, caged, have him leave when the wendigo was out hunting and possible be attacked again. Will would run back to Jack, ask him to help him, and under the guise of tricking the beast to kill it, would lock them in together. Will heaved at the thought.

The hazy memory of the hospital came back. Everything was still dizzy and in the form of colors, but now he knew for sure that the pink bundle had some from him. Feeling a pregnant version of himself had been real. The wendigo mating had took and somewhere, a bit of him and the creature was growing up without a care. He didn't know if he was thrilled that Jack could never get his hands on the child, or sick that something had come out of that horrific night. Then, did it mean the image of the wendigo above and in him tonight was real as well? Was he bred once more and something dangerous that Jack could use as a weapon was growing inside? Or had it been a mere delusion and fantasy, and a harmless being could appear?

His head hurt with the rolling questions, but sat up anyways. He looked at Alana who seemed worn thin and exhausted as well. "Did you know…?"
Alana at least had the shame to cast her eyes down. "I knew to some extent. I thought it would be fascinating research. But the more I got to know you, the less humane it all felt. You were just a boy when you came here, lost and confused. Giving your child away seemed less painful. This is no place to raise a baby." She squeezed her fists together, staring at them. "I wanted to tell you, but Jack and I wrote a NDA. Since he broke it first just now, I can speak about it within reason."
Will could only stare at the wall behind Alana's head. Could hardly feel any of his limbs at the moment if it were for Beverly holding him tight.

"So, uh.. You… You and Jack were just going to have me believe I was crazy? Just.. let me be lost in a sea of unconsciousness and then use me like some sick scientific research project?" Beverly squeezed tighter, and Will was thankful for it. His heart was thudding wildly in his chest. It felt like a bird beating its wings, ready to hatch and fly from his throat. "I'm not proud of it, Will. I want to make it right. Let me start now." Alana stood and Will cleared his throat, tears at the corner of his eyes.
"No, I don't think you can make this right by any means, Dr. Bloom. I've been lied to my

whole life, why would I believe you now?"
Dr. Bloom looked deeply hurt by the return of formalities. She held herself for a moment, thinking before carefully answering, "Because I'm getting you out of here."

"How are you going to do that? Jack will be watching us, and he wants to take Will in the morning. There's no way we can make it out there." Beverly released Will from her hold, her hands linked together and rested against his stomach in a protective manner.
"My wife is a part of an old coven. The Vergers women have sought solace there from the brutality of the Verger men. Margot has heard of you, the both of you. I'm embarrassed to admit it, but I talk as if you two were ours. She's brought up the idea of adopting you for three years now. Jack would never have it, nor the FBI. She'll take you. Keep you hidden from Jack and out of sight until you're ready to return. Keep the wendigo at bay too." Alana moved a strategically placed mat, and there in a soft pastel purple chalk was the outline of a summoning circle. "Just say the word and you two will be gone tonight."

"I'm not going." Beverly started with firm resolution. She removed herself from Will and stood up. "But you should go." She looked at him, a deep sadness in her eyes.
"No. If I go and Jack finds out! I can't leave knowing you might get hurt again." Will went to stand, but the strength still had not returned to his legs.
"Someone has to keep an eye on Jack. When you come back, he'll have his eyes on you. No doubt, he'll find a way to bring you back in and you'll have a friend waiting for you on the inside. So please, Will. While you still can, I want you to go." Beverly held out her hand, waiting for Will to take it. "Please. For me."

Will felt the tears form in his eyes rapidly, "I hate when you do that." He swallowed, taking her hand and she helped him to stand.
"It's one of my winning traits." Beverly jokes, wiping away some of Will's tears.
"Fine.. Fine I'll go." Will gave in, looking at Alana. She nodded and leaned down.
Her hand hovered above the inscriptions, speaking the words fluently and calmly, like she had done this a hundred times. The floor glowed that soft purple that was almost calming. With soft cracking sounds, the floor within the circle began to crack and fade away. It took a few minutes before the head of Margot arose. She seemed only slightly out of place, as if being summoned by her wife had only been a small inconvenience. She stood in her finest. Her figure trim and curved, a gold top that highlighted her chest and a black pencil skirt that showed off fine looking legs.
"So," Margot spoke, turning her head slightly to peer at the teenagers curiously, "these are the two I've heard endless stories about." She smiled, though the light didn't necessarily reach her eyes.

"Will's going with you today Margot. I trust you can keep him safe until he's ready to return…?" Alana stepped forward, taking Margot's hand and received a kiss from her wife.
"Of course darling." Was her response, tucking a dark luscious curl from Alana's worried face behind her ear. "Have I ever let you down?"
"No. But this would be an awful one to start." They pressed their foreheads together, scenting in a soft way that could only belong to an alpha-omega couple.

"Very well. Will. Come with me." Margot reached out her hand. Will stared at it and couldn't help but to notice her ink black nails and the tattoos of protection runes on her forearm. He

looked between Beverly and Alana for encouragement, and received it with soft nods.
“I’ll be back, Beverly. I promise.” He took Margot’s hand and stepped into the circle. The floor began to vibrate and felt the dark shadows start to sink them down.
“I know, Will. You better not take too long. You know how impatient I get!” Beverly laughes, but Will could hear the crack in her voice as she tried not to try.
“I’ll see you during the holidays, darling.” Margot called nonchalantly, blowing a kiss before her hand wrapped around Will’s smaller waist and held him close. “Now, sweet Will. Close your eyes and let yourself sink. Auntie Margot has you now.” He could only obey her command and felt the circle pull them rapidly down the soft and gentle darkness and towards the safety he had dreamed of for years.

Chapter End Notes

This is the end of the prologues! Now we're getting to the main story line!

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